

A
POETICAL EPISTLE,

ADDRESSED

To Her Royal Highness
THE PRINCESS OF WALES,

ON HER

RECEPTION IN BRITAIN, AND THE ROYAL NUPTIALS.

WITH

VERSES, INTRODUCTORY AND APOLOGETICAL,

TO THE

HON. GEORGE MELVILLE LESLIE.

BY THE REV. SAMUEL MARTIN, /c

MINISTER OF MONIMAIL.

A WOMAN THAT FEARETH THE LORD, SHE SHALL BE PRAISED.

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John
Coles
Margaret



VERSES,

INTRODUCTORY AND APOLOGETICAL,

To the Honourable George Melville Leslie.

“THE world, my friend, in this all-knowing age,
Will scrutinise and judge the daring page;
Fiercely demand, and boldly answer, too,
What is, and what is not, the author's view;
Will gauge his every power, and mark his size— 5
Thus, and no higher, in the scale to rise;
Will trace his good and ill, detect his spirit,
And circulate his merit and demerit.

KNOW, too, to sneer and censure cost no pain,
Nor learning is essential to arraign; 10
And they who cannot judge, can widely spread
What one great puffing, damning man has said,—

And boldly tell the town, before it sees it,
What is the character the town decrees it."

THANKS, Sir, for these dehortatory hints, 15
Well to be ponder'd by the man who prints.
I know, besides, and readily confess,
The petulancy of th' unfetter'd press :
I know the bounds which decency prescribes,
Too oft burst through, by factious, froward tribes: 20
And Pindar's wit, with me, can ne'er atone
For the buffoon bespattering a throne.
With you, I hate the democratic rage,
The scandal and the terror of the age :
Nor is there aught more horrible and bad, 25
Than plans and schemes of liberty run mad.
I shudder at the fierce o'erwhelming race,
And order and distinction in disgrace.

NEVERTHELESS, good Sir, and all this told,
Your hardy bard at the world's bar behold ; 30
Not reckless quite, indeed, should he provoke
Here pity, here contempt, and here a joke,
And cutting imputations as to aim ;
Should there be fix'd deep stigmas on his name ;

Should biting prophecies exhibit all 35
 A little, luckless author can befall;
 A vent'rous pilot, in an untry'd bark,
 A wave-lost Noah, in his bounding ark,
 To storms expos'd. But, courage! Hope prevails:
 He boldly to a land of promise fails: 40
 The Noah looks for good: Should evil come,
 He'll try to rest submissive to his doom:
 The bark new-fitting, cleaning, and careening,
 He'll hug himself, all snug, in his well meaning.

BUT how can he defend the daring lay, 45
 That lifts obscurity to brightest day?
 Unask'd, unaided, how shall he address
 Britannia's boast and idol, the Princess?

CURST be the man, you know, is the reply,
 That threatens or distracts society: 50
 Curst be the finish'd lay, however sweet,
 With factious, levelling principles replete;
 The Ca Iras, and hymns of Marfeillois,
 To Gallic anarchy that op'd the way.

BUT Truth and Wisdom speak alike to all; 55
 Religion's is an universal call:

Of all who bear the venerable name
 Of Christ, one is the object and the aim.
 If then to Wisdom sacred is the lay,
 If feels the bard Religion's genial ray, 60
 Can preachers, rhyming or unrhyming, fear
 The name of petulance or pride to hear?
 There is withal, and who but will allow it?
 A certain *JUS AUDENDI* in a poet;
 And possibly, with some, his over-tame 65
 May derogate from that aspiring name.

Too frequent, and too harsh, I grant, indeed,
 The very voice of Wisdom may proceed.
 Perhaps, the imputation may be mine,
 With want of polish in the nerveless line. 70
 This will I risk: And, to the prudent sage
 Who criminales the too aspiring page,
 With "Does, and dares my rhymer once suppose,
 His puritanic airs and fetter'd prose
 Will ever meet her eye?" The answer's short,— 75
 "What, though my verses never reach the court,
 Not lost, or unambitious, is my strain;
 What pleases Leslie, is not writ in vain.

I FEEL a nobler flame. O, that my lay,
 In all its charms, could excellence display! 80
 And show Faith's efficacy, to impart
 Pure, yet ecstatic pleasures to the heart!
 Who could peruse the verse, and not admire?
 Who could approve and praise, and not desire?
 Know, in your bard though grains of pride may lurk,
 Promoting virtue is his noblest work. 86

1:9 - 6:19

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POETICAL EPISTLE,

ADDRESSED

To Her Royal Highness

THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

FAR from the busy crowd, and festive scene,
Immers'd in Contemplation's bowers serene,
Resides the bard: No sullen censor he,
Nor cynic railer at hilarity;
But, with a keen, discriminating eye, 5
He views the phases of the moral sky:
Heighten'd by faith, his love of human kind
Respects the bliss and culture of the mind:
With him, Life's estimate includes the tomb,
And earth's a passage to the world to come. 10

Lo, in his philanthropic reveries,
Themes for his verse he sees, or thinks he sees;

While he participates Britannia's joy,
 While now the chequer'd times his thoughts employ.
 And may not I, unblam'd, he inly says, 15
 Indulge my musings, and pursue my lays?
 Can Caroline the moral themes despise,
 That from the joy in Caroline arise?
 It is decided: And, as if she heard,
 With most profound regard, proceeds the bard. 20

WHAT was thy welcome to the British shore?
 Through all the land what gratulations pour!
 What splendour and festivity unite,
 To celebrate the national delight!
 How brightly is inscrib'd, on every scene, 25
 BRITANNIA HAPPY IN HER FUTURE QUEEN!
 From south to north resounds the favour'd name:
 Peers, commons, people, join in one acclaim:
 The faint's, the patriot's, the nation's prayer,
 MAY CAROLINE BE HEAVEN'S PECULIAR CARE!

NOR parent's heart, nor amity's desire,
 Or partial love, to fonder scenes aspire.

AND I would act the gratulating part;
 And, in my Doric verse, indulge my heart.

If worldly splendour marks the just degree 35
 Of human bliss, who may not envy thee ;
 Of all that tread sublime the mortal stage,
 The second of the isle, and of the age,
 With all that's dear and promising conjoin'd ?
 Ambition's self sighs not a wish behind. 40

HAIL to the first, the leader of the fair,
 The nation's boast, and ornament, and care ;
 In whom, in happy symmetry, commix
 All that adorns and dignifies the sex.
 Here Beauty shines ; there Modesty withdraws, 45
 Securing most, as most she shuns, applause :
 Here culture adds new lustre to the gem ;
 There Virtue sheds a still more radiant beam,—
 Virtue, by Faith and Piety matur'd ;
 By Faith and Hope, celestial peace secur'd. 50
 And, say a thousand tongues, ten thousand hearts,
 How great, how difficult, the leader's parts !
 How various, how conspicuous, and new,—
 Most captivating, and most awful, too !
 Hail to the leader of the British fair ! 55
 The first in glory, not the least in care.

NOR solely, in this all-attractive sphere,
 Thy sweet, thy blisful influence shall appear.
 The public taste to form and to refine,
 To be the model and the guard, is thine : 60
 To thee the Arts direct a keen regard ;
 And Genius, in thy smile, feels her reward :
 The Virtues and the Graces all attend
 Their brightest ornament, and warmest friend.
 Forth from the palace may there ever flow 65
 The stream of blis, reviving all below !

BRITANNIA ! in every land, thy laws,
 Thy well-pois'd government, command applause.
 Here Monarchy and Freedom sweetly blend ;
 And the great master is the greatest friend. 70
 Here strangers, with delight and wonder, see
 The brilliant court, the village safe and free.
 Yet not the summit of terrestrial state,
 Nor all the honours of the good and great,
 The subject's love, the patriot's ardent zeal, 75
 The self-perfectionating common-weal,
 Exempt from cares : And, who shall best employ
 Her study to enhance the monarch's joy ?

Who shall contribute to relieve the cares
Of majesty? the pleasing task be her's! 80
Anticipating, as these cares employ,
The comfort's future cares, and future joy!

ILLUSTRIOUS princess! as we fondly trace
Thy every opening, every promis'd grace;
And, in imagination, boldly climb 85
Thy height of state, brought gently round by time;
With what emotion do we look around
On the wide view of elevated ground!
Objects august and various strike the eye,
The first in interest and celebrity: 90
Objects and scenes so great, and dear, and new,
Suggest comparison, and sad review.

RAIS'D to this height sublime, we sigh and say:
There was a court, there was a town, so gay,
So splendid, so distinguish'd, so renown'd; 95
Alike with laurels, and with ivy crown'd.
A very Babylon of arts and arms,
And still more mark'd by pleasure's wasteful charms.

HERE fashion held her court, capricious fay,
A very despot of resistless sway, 100

Here all was festive, all was pomp and show,
 All that or art can form, or wealth bestow :
 The self-reputed mistress of the world,
 Versailles's court, to desolation hurl'd !

AND did thy rival of the isles rejoice, 105
 O'er Bab'lon fall'n, with an exulting voice ?
 Does she felicitate herself the queen
 Of nations, all secure, and all serene,
 Amidst the desolations of the times,
 Of tumult, and vicissitude, and crimes ?
 No : the distinction of a godlike fame
 Never more justly can Britannia claim.

As with one mind inspir'd, the court, the peers,
 The commons, o'er her fall, dissolve in tears :
 Ranks, sexes, ages, with one heart, deplore 115
 The depredations of usurping power,
 Ferocity and ruin widely spread,
 And, awfully renew'd, the hydra head.

YES, and we still with moisten'd eye review
 Her fall, and tender sympathy renew. 120

NATURE, indeed, and sensibility
 Shrink from the picture, and its horrors fly
 Reproaching memory, and shun the pain
 She brings, with ev'ry effort, but in vain :
 And of the thousand instances of woe, 125
 In ruin's streams that do not cease to flow,
 Of prospects blasted, families dispers'd,
 And fates and fortunes awfully revers'd ;
 The feeling heart with anxious care conceals,
 In effort, but most faithfully reveals 130
 The royal sufferers : In that dark, deep shade,
 How brilliant is Britannia's glory made !
 The thick, dark, dark'ning cloud of anarchy
 Brightens the rainbow of the British sky.

HERE reign religion, liberty, and law : 135
 There the controul of force on subject awe.
 Here, is enjoy'd, and sure, what, there, in vain,
 They promis'd to command, and to maintain.
 Where are the dreams of revolution ? where
 A more than British glory ?—lost in air. 140
 And sad reality, and bitterest grief
 Condemn the past, despairing of relief.

Can we detect the ever-working Power,
To blast, to undermine, and to devour
The Gallic empire? Was there not a cause? 145
Fires, tempests, earthquakes rage by proper laws.

ANSWERS, of a decisive tone, are heard,
On ev'ry hand, and overwhelm the bard.

THIS, this, cries one, the all-explaining cause ;
Partial, oppressive, arbitrary laws. 150

THE manners, and the science of the age,
Pronounces primly the conceited sage ;
And glories in the havoc of the storm,
At length, to introduce his dear REFORM.

HIS voice is follow'd from the other side: 155
'Tis ignorance has swell'd confusion's tide ;
And, the transition from implicit faith
To frantic irreligion points the path.

PHILOSOPHY and liberty run mad
Are the full springs of ev'ry thing that's bad. 160

'Tis now America explains ; anon
The church is held, the fall of Babylon.

THE female influence, the poissarde tribe,
Are brought in view, and the litigious scribe *.
While others swear, with a ferocious grin, 165
'The court, the court's th' exterminating fin.

By these Britannia, and her princess, know
Britannia's glory, and her rival's woe :
Know, under Providence, her firm support
Religion, learning, laws, a virtuous court. 170

To all that's great and good religion forms :
Science foresees, and shuns impending storms :
From British laws what privileges flow !
What blessings does a virtuous court bestow !

IN these, illustrious princess ! Britons see 175
Their better fate, and turn their eyes to thee.

FALSE delicacy, and the servile train
Of sycophants, would check the moral strain ;

* See Wylde's Address.

Would still the voice of wisdom, and proscribe,
From royal ears, all but the soothing tribe. 180

“ It is uncourtly but to use the tongue
Of adulation, and the siren's song ;
To scatter flowers, to celebrate the past,
And promise glories evermore to last :
He is a bard uncourtly, who recites 185
Aught but soft Pleasure's visions and delights.”

SHALL truth indeed be banish'd from the great,
And friendship's noblest work disgust create ?
'Tis friendship's office faithfully to show,
And to secure against the path to woe : 190
'Tis friendship's work divine to point the road
To excellence, to happiness, to God.

THE mean advice we spurn, and the false view
Of greatness, and the moral theme pursue.

YES, it is truth, not declamation, cries : 195
Ruin and misery from vice arise :
The dissipated pleasure-seeking band
Destroy themselves, and desolate a land

And pride and false philosophy combine
 The worthy and the great to undermine, 200
 In man, in families, in nations too ;
 And order, virtue, safety, bliss, undo ;
 And maturate the complicated woe
 O'er Gallia THAT DOES NOT CEASE TO FLOW.

A VOICE proclaims aloud, " When the high hand
 Of Heav'n is rais'd, shall man not understand? 206
 When judgments are abroad, shall man not learn
 His danger, and his duty, to discern?"

But chiefly they are call'd, and they are blest,
 The great and good, the torrent to resist, 210
 That desolates mankind ; and, greater they,
 To safety and to bliss who lead the way ;
 Adorning and exalting highest place,
 By mild authority, and winning grace,
 By bright example, and the nameless arts 215
 That sweetly charm, and gently form the hearts.

THE glory and the bliss of human kind,
 A virtuous court, it ravishes the mind !
 Imagination paints, and hope enjoys,
 Once more on earth, the glory of the skies, 220

In emblem bright, where peace and love prevail,
And injury and fear for ever fail.

ILLUSTRIOUS princeſs ! hear the fervent prayer
Which faints and patriots, with the bard, prefer.

MAY vice appall'd ſhrink from thy genial ray : 225
May worth and bliſs ſecure a cloudleſs day :
And may the coming century proclaim
That Caroline inherits Charlotte's fame :
FORTH FROM THE PALACE MAY THERE EVER FLOW
THE STREAM OF BLISS REVIVING ALL BELOW. 230

NOR to the limits of a life ſerene,
Uſeful and glorious, to the lateſt ſcene,
Great princeſs ! is the fervent pray'r confin'd :
'Tis faith inſpires the love of human kind,
Regards the ſoul, includes the world to come, 235
Heav'n's gates unbars, and triumphs o'er the tomb.

DARE I proceed, and ſhall my humble rhyme
Attempt a theme, more awful and ſublime,
And more transporting ? Shall I burſt the bounds
Of ſenſe, and tread on ſuperſolar grounds, 240

The shining mansions of the blest survey,
And join the myriads of eternal day ?

I MAY proceed : my terrors disappear
When this is gently whisper'd in my ear :

To echo inspiration is no crime ; 245
And, here, simplicity is the sublime.

By faith's anticipations rais'd on high,
We ask, amid the glories of the sky,
Whose is the brightest crown, the sweetest grace,
The highest bliss and glory of the place? 250

'Tis more than cherub that proclaims the word ;
Hear, hear the oracle ; THUS SAITH THE LORD,

" WHEN sublunary glories are no more,
And beauty and distinction lose their power ;
That woman is with brightest glory crown'd, 255
For virtue and for piety renown'd *."

* PROV. XXX. 31.

The shining mansions of the blissful
And join the myriads of eternal day

I may proceed: my heart is full
When this is gently whisper'd in my ear:

The noble inspiration is a flame;
And here, simplicity is the flame.

By faith's anticipations rais'd on high,
We are amid the glories of the sky;
Whole is the brightest crown, the sweetest grace,
The highest bliss and glory of the place.

'Tis more than clouds and darkness
Hear, hear the oracle; thus saith the Lord,
When Babylon's glories are no more,
And beauty and distinction lose their power;
That woman is with brightest glory crown'd,
For virtue and for piety renown'd.

